



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

The makers of the Ivory Soap have been engaged in the manufacture of Soaps for over fifty years, and the "Ivory" is the happy result of their long experience, and is unquestionably the soap to be used by all who value the advice (quoted below) of Ellen H. Richards, Instructor in Chemistry, Woman's Laboratory, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who says, "In the purchase of soap, it is 'safest to choose the make of some well known and long established firm who have a reputation to lose if their product is not good.'"

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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WERE THEY ROBBERS.

Eight Suspicious Characters Found Near the Treasurer's Office.

Jefferson City, Feb. 26.—About 11 o'clock last night the night watchman at the capitol building came hurriedly over to the Imperial ball room where State Treasurer Noland was and notified him that eight suspicious looking characters were in the capitol building near the treasurer's office, and positively refused to leave when ordered by the watchman.

Mr. Noland immediately went to the scene and with the assistance of several men succeeded in dispersing the tough characters.

It is thought to be some that these men intended to rob the state treasury, as it had been published by several papers that all the state money—over \$2,000,000—is at present lying in the vault of the state treasury.

Trouble in No Man's Land.

Hutchinson, Kan., February 27.—A gentleman who arrived in this city last night from Liberal, Kan., says that while there he met J. W. Anderson, postmaster at Collins, No. Man's land, who stated that he had escaped from that territory to save his life. Last week a band of cowboys, representing themselves to be in the employ of Colorado and New Mexico Cattle Company, rode into Collins, a place in the west end of the public strip, and ordered the citizens to vacate that territory within forty-eight hours, under penalty of death. Hastily gathering together such of the Post Office and his household effects as he could carry with him, together with his brother and mother, he fled to Boston, a small town near the Colorado line. He says there are quite a number of refugees in Boston who had escaped from the wrath of the cowboys. Anderson tells of ten men who have barricaded themselves in a sod house, and will fight the cowboys to the bitter end if they are further molested. The United States authorities have been advised, and their action is anxiously awaited.

Wants the Marriage License Repealed.

East Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 23.—A bill before the legislature carries with it a romance. Mamie Bliss, a young lady living in Saginaw city, whose age has reached the period when in some rude communities she would be called a spinster, is engaged to be married to Harvey D. Baxter, a year younger man than herself. She is very sensitive on the subject of her age and has declared that she never will be married so long as the newspapers continue publishing the ages of the brides with marriage licenses.

The anxious lover suggested they go to Ohio and have the ceremony performed there. To this she will not consent. A few days ago a bright idea struck Baxter. Why not have the marriage license law repealed? A bill to this effect was soon introduced, and as soon as it passed and goes into effect, the wedding will take place.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge, Munday, Esq., county attorney, Clay county, Texas, says, "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure, all malarial diseases, and for all kidney, liver and stomach disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c and \$1 at Merz & Hale's drug store.

Wanted.

Good agents. Liberal commission given. Address, Advance Publishing House, Mexico, Mo.

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AN OLD SLAVE'S SECRET.

Story of a Traditionary Silver Mine in West Virginia.

Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 28.—There is a great deal of excitement at Moorfield, Hardy county, over the publication of the fact that a company has been organized to open and work a silver mine, located by local tradition for fifty years past in "Middle Mountain," a few miles from the town. Ten years before the war John Gaiter, a slave owned by a small farmer near Moorfield, located the mine, and, going to his master, told him he would show him where the mine was provided he would set him free. The master refused to do this, so the old darkey never told where the silver could be found. When the war set Gaiter free he moved with family to Mount Pleasant, Pa.

He died some years ago, but before his death told his son Henry where to find the mine. Henry has been back several times and obtained silver from the mine and had it tested. It proved to be of the very best quality, and Henry has various things which he says is made of this silver. For years people have never been able to find it.

However, a large body of land on Middle Mountain was purchased by a body of gentlemen, composed of S. A. McMechen, H. S. Carr and others. Some of the company have been in correspondence with Gaiter about the mine. Gaiter says the mine is on this land, and finally agreed to come and point it out for 25 per cent of the yield of the mine. Gaiter arrived last week and work was begun at once to fix up the papers. Gaiter seems very confident about the matter, and says that as soon as the papers are properly arranged he will carry out his part of the agreement.

Married a Colored Farm Hand.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 28.—Thos. Cassone, a negro, and Anna Abbott, a buxom white girl of 18, were married in Jeffersonville yesterday, by the Rev. Ezra Miller, a negro preacher. The parties came to Jeffersonville the night before from Trimble county, Ky., and remained in seclusion until morning, when the wedding went to the county clerk and secured a license, making oath that his bride-elect was 21, and saying nothing as to her complexion. Shortly after the marriage the bride's father, Wm. Abbott, a well-to-do farmer, turned up in great distress and was wild with grief when he found that his daughter had married his negro farm hand. He caused the arrest of the bridegroom and the minister. The minister swore that the girl had a veil over her face during the ceremony and that in consequence he did not know her color. He gave \$500 bond and was released, while the bride and groom were left in jail. The charge is miscegenation and the punishment is three years' imprisonment.

Shot Himself on His Wife's Grave.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., February 28. George Foster, a prominent attorney of this city, committed suicide yesterday morning at 9 o'clock in Evergreen cemetery by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. The deed was committed at the grave of his wife, upon which he was lying when found. No cause is known. Mr. Foster was about 28 years old. He was a son of George W. Foster, a banker of West Point, Miss. At nineteen he married Mrs. Belle Booth of this city, and then moved to Anniston, where he lived until her sudden death, two years ago, when he returned to this city. Of late he has seemed gloomy and despondent. His death has caused no less a sensation than did his marriage. His wife was one of the best-known women of Alabama, and a sister to Mrs. Gen. Rhodes, of this city. She was about 35 years of age at the time of the last marriage. Mr. Foster was educated at the State University here, where he graduated the summer before his marriage.

Shot Down by Officers.

San Francisco, Cal., February 27.—Oakland police officers early yesterday morning shot down Jake Schriber, who tried to escape from arrest. Schriber was a tough young citizen who had been in trouble frequently. When half drunk, early yesterday morning, he quarreled in front of a saloon with another man. Schriber was arrested and turned over to Officer Swan to be booked for battery. When the two reached the prison Schriber made a sudden break for liberty. He was pursued by officers Swan and Davis. They warned him to stop, but he continued running and several shots were fired, one of which hit the fugitive in the back and he dropped dead in his tracks. Those who witnessed the chase say eight shots in all were fired. Swan's pistol showed that he didn't fire. Davis, who did not know what the charge was against the prisoner, did most of the shooting.

A Conductor Killed.

St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 28.—Geo. Hopkins, yardmaster for the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City road in this city, was tonight detailed as conductor of a special theater train from Savannah, twelve north north St. Joe. While the train was being made up in the Savannah yards Hopkins fell under the wheels and had the left leg crushed above the knee. He died at 10 o'clock. He was 26 years of age and the son of Col. Frank G. Hopkins, a prominent resident of St. Joseph. The blame is attached to the company.

Prison Supplies.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 28.—The contracts for furnishing the state penitentiary with 2000 cords of wood and 10,000 tons of coal were let by the board of prison inspectors yesterday. The coal contract was awarded to the Consolidated Coal company, of St. Louis, at \$2.45 per ton. Messrs. G. C. and J. L. Ramsey, of this city, were awarded the contract at \$2.75 per cord.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PUTTING BABY TO BED.

An Incident Which May Prove of Great Value to Many Parents.

Last spring I spent a night with a friend. There were two children in the family—the youngest a bright, restless boy, four years old, who might stand for the typical American child aptly defined as "a bundle of nerves." A lady and gentleman with their two children were visitors at the house, and after supper, Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, left her little boy and girl in my friend's care while she went to make a call in the village.

The evening wore on. The children played hard, and little Frank's eyes opened wider and wider with the intoxication of the unusual excitement. After his bed-time was long past, his mother came into the room where her husband and I sat, and asked, anxiously: "What shall I do? I told Frank he could sit up until Mrs. Brown came after her children, supposing she would be gone only a few minutes. Now, shall I break my promise to him, or risk his being cross and ill by all this excitement?"

Her husband raised his voice a little, and said: "Where is Frank? I want to see him."

The child immediately left his play in the dining-room and ran to his father, who lifted him in his arms and held him from him for a moment, then, clasping him lovingly, asked, in that jovial tone of comradeship no child could resist:

"Whose boy are you?"

Of course the answer came, proudly: "Papa's boy!"

"My boy!"—a little surprised—"are you sure?"

The child laughingly re-asserted his ownership.

"Well," continued the father, "my boy always does just what his mother thinks best—goes to bed just when she thinks it's time."

A pause. "Are you sure you're my boy?" Oh, yes, he was papa's boy. "Then mamma," said the wise father, "you can undress this fellow just as fast as you like."

The child was put into his little bed in an adjoining room whence he could hear the merry chatter of the other children and the talk of the older people and see the bright lights. There was no lamp in his room, but somebody laid down on the bed with him for a few minutes, when all at once he turned his face to the wall and his closing eyelids almost caught the happy laugh on his lips as he dropped off to dreamland. I said to myself: "I will put an account of this incident where the fathers and mothers of those babies who associate bed-time with a cyclone of sobs, tears and spankings, or a barker of candy and sugar for obedience, may read and profit by it if they will."—Anna M. Libby, in *Christian Union*.

EXTRAVAGANT LETTERS.

The Pension Commissioner Writes About the Honors of His Office.

A few samples from among 10,000 instances will show the variety of the inquiries addressed to the Commissioner, and they are herewith submitted.

One woman in the best faith addresses the Commissioner and asks that he see that the school house in her neighborhood be established in the center of the district. Another informs him that her husband has long been absent. She has wandered over the face of the country in search of him, and she would now like to have him take up the search. Many such cases occur. Letters containing souvenirs dear to the senders, but utterly valueless to any one else, are received; letters of advice detailing whole pension schemes to be substituted for the present system of laws; letters of extravagant commendation, of course, of anger, of contempt, of wrath, of unmitigated hostility; letters of insane writers threatening violence and violence; letters excited by the granting of pensions and asking benisons upon the heads of all concerned; letters of bitterest reproach for pensions denied, calling down the wrath of God and men upon those who have been trying to do their simple duty—all these and multitudes of others, fantastic, sober, rational and wild, pour by the hundreds and thousands into the mail of the bureau; and from the charity and patience which forbears to respond, and the sense of duty which compels the neglect of idle inquiries, arise many of the complaints and denunciations of the office for its alleged neglect.

And now, to give in one huge total the figures which will show how idle such complaints in general are I need only say that the number of papers of every description sent to the Commissioner during the year has been 2,697,608. The number of answers immediately sent out thereto has been 1,836,182; the remainder being of the kind above indicated and those which require no reply until answered by the execution and transmission of proper documents in authentic shape.—Commissioner's Report, 1888.

—It must be the man with a brick in his hat who is full to the brim.—

—Ticket Agent—"Sonny, how old are yer?" Fifteen-year-old Boy—"Where do you mean? On the railroad or to home?"—Judge.

KILLED HER CHILDREN.

A Woman Who Also Killed Her Husband and Last Herself.

Chicago, Ill., February 26.—In a nicely furnished and well-kept room at 229 Irving avenue the police in Lieut. Beard's district made the horrible discovery of a double murder and suicide shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

Stretched at full length on a bed lay the forms of a young woman and two children. All were dead, their faces blackened and their features showing the terrible sufferings they must have undergone before death came to their relief. The woman and mother, Mrs. Ida Macauley, held firmly clinched in her teeth a rubber tube, one end of which was attached to the still flowing jet. The tubes ran from the jet under the bed clothes, which were drawn over the faces of Mrs. Macauley and her children. Asphyxiation was seen at a glance to be the cause of death. Her children, a boy 3 years and 6 months, and a girl, 1 year and 6 months of age, were clasped in each arm. They were named Willie and Ida.

The suicide was discovered first by Mrs. George Turney, to whom Mrs. Macauley had rented the house furnished, and to gether they kept boarders. Mrs. Macauley not coming down stairs by 10 o'clock, Mrs. Turney went up to the room. It was in the first-story front. Mrs. Turney after knocking and receiving no reply, smelled gas and became alarmed. She sent word to the West Madison Street Station, and Lieut. Beard detailed an officer to investigate. He broke open the door and found the bodies as described. The three were in their night dresses.

Mrs. Macauley has not been really right in her mind since December 24, 1887, when she shot her husband. She brooded a great deal over the crime, but never gave any indication of committing suicide. She was at her sister's Mrs. Wright, at 224 Irving avenue, last evening, and left the house in her usual spirits. Mrs. Macauley leaves 10 brothers and two sisters, Chas. S. and J. H. Mackin, and Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Macauley was a very beautiful woman, and her children were exceedingly handsome. The shooting of Macauley by his wife caused a sensation in Chicago. The couple had been married about three years, when the husband began to stay away from home two or three days at a time. He was employed with Bartholomew and Leicht and claimed to his wife that he was kept busy night and day attending to his duties. The wife suspected that he was intimate with Mrs. Mackin, her sister-in-law, and wife of a cigar dealer, however, and she finally traced her to 243 Sangamon street and found that he was living there with the woman. Mackin discovered the criminal relations about the same time, and he swore out warrants for the arrest of the guilty pair. The warrants were given to Constable Ives to serve, and the woman was found at the house on Sangamon street. Mrs. Mackin was taken into custody, and then the officer proceeded to Macauley's home, at 91 Arthington street, to arrest the man. But his legal writ was of no avail. The man whom he had intended to make a prisoner, was unconscious and dying. His wife had taken the law into her own hands. The jealous woman had sent for her husband after he had been absent three days, and after upbraiding him for his conduct, declared that he should not live with "Mollie Mackin any longer." The husband, to escape his wife's wrath, entered a bedroom, but he had no sooner passed through the door than she pulled a revolver from her pocket, and rushing to the doorway, fired. The bullet entered the back part of Macauley's head, lodging at the base of the brain. The woman was standing over the dying man when the police arrived. When a doctor approached him, she exclaimed:

"Let him alone, doctor, don't save him. I want him to die. I would kill the scoundrel a dozen times before I would permit him to live with that false woman, Mollie."

The victim was taken to the hospital soon after the shooting, but an hour after reaching the institution he was dead. Mrs. Macauley was taken to the Thirtieth street station and detained there until the day of the inquest.

The coroner's jury decided that the woman was insane and not responsible for her actions, and she was released.

—First Theatrical Manager—"You had a bad season, I hear." Second Manager—"Oh, yes, frightful. Did not play to a paying house during the trip. Made money out of it, though." First Manager—"How in the world could you do that?" Second Manager—"Oh, I always put up the company at hotels with fire escapes."—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette*.

—"O, mother," cried a North Side youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day."—"What was one thing you learned?" asked the fond parent. "I learned in the 'rithmetic class," was the reply. "that the square of the base and perpendicular of a right-handed triangle is equal to the sum of the hypotenuses."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—"Red-headed girls don't tan, eh?" said Poots, scornfully, as he laid down the newspaper in which he had been reading a statement to that effect. "Well, when I was a boy there was a red-headed girl teaching our district school, and she tanned so much that I haven't forgotten it to this day," and he rubbed his shoulder ruefully with the thought.—*Texas Siftings*.

—First Old Party (on hotel piazza)—"What has that young man got that big sash around his wrist for?" Second Old Party—"Dunno, unless he has got a pane in his stomach."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

—Teacher—"Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?" "Yes, ma'am." "Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?" "He was a poet."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

—"Say, Jim, what's a fortification?" said one boy to another. "What's a fortification?" echoed the other, who had just begun to learn arithmetic. "Well, I guess it's two twenty-fortiations."—*Harper's Young People*.

—"Hello, bub! Who are you?" "Johnny Blake." "Old Bill Blake's boy, eh? Now, you don't look a bit like your father. You take after your mother, I suppose?" "No, she's always after me. That's her coming up the lane now, with a stick."—

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The man who paid Lord Lansdowne a quarter of a million for three pictures is Sir Edward Guinness of "brown stout" fame.

—Mr. William Pool, of Limestone Hill, W. Va., has a powder horn that General Washington gave to his grandfather over a hundred years ago.

—Lord Wolseley tells of a soldier who was the bravest man he ever knew. He was so lazy that in battle he would expose himself to the most imminent danger rather than move ten paces to a place of safety.

—In writing to a friend in Pennsylvania who had named a girl-baby after her, Mrs. Cleveland said: "I ought, perhaps, to tell you that I am never called 'Frankie,' though my intimate friends sometimes call me 'Frank.'"

—Mrs. Captain Tom is the name of the richest Indian woman in Alaska. She is worth about \$20,000 and supported two husbands until lately, having to give up one when she joined the Presbyterian mission. Mrs. Tom is ugly, fat, over forty, and a shrewd trader.

—One of the largest plantations in the South is that of Major B. W. Bellamy, in Jefferson County, Florida. It comprises 8,000 acres, and nearly all of it is in cultivation. More than 1,500 negroes are employed on the plantation, and the Major knows them all by name.

—There is a young lady school teacher in Harlem who writes verbatim reports of Dr. Howard Crosby's sermons entirely from memory. "The Critic (New York)" is so assured by Dr. Crosby himself, and adds that it knows another young lady who can repeat the 3,000 lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" without prompting.

—Chief Justice Fuller is the smallest man on the Supreme Court Bench. He is five feet six inches in height and weighs 125 pounds. Justice Gray is a giant compared to Fuller, being six feet five inches in height and weighing nearly 300 pounds. Justice Harlan is also a large man, being two inches over six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds.

—Commodore Vanderbilt made his great fortune of \$120,000,000 after he had reached the age of sixty-five. At that age his wealth was \$15,000,000, and by the purchase of the Harlem road his wealth was doubled. Then he bought the Hudson River road and doubled his fortune again. Finally he acquired the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and his Western properties, and for a third time his estate was doubled.

—The late Charles Crocker, of San Francisco, who left an estate of \$25,000,000, was never so happy, it is said, as when enjoying the fun his wealth enabled him to get out of his fellow-millionaires. It is told of him that he enjoyed with the keenness of a boy the sport of running up the price of a picture or bit of bric-a-brac that some other millionaire was bidding on, and that he was equally well pleased if the other had to pay a big, round sum for it, or if it was knocked down to himself.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—There is no duty on vegetables in their natural state, whether that State be Massachusetts or Texas.—*Texas Siftings*.

—A man died in Connecticut who smoked over two thousand herrings a day. Worse than the tobacco habit. No wonder he died.—*Burlington Free Press*.

—A Western village boasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an axe, but he may be an unusually sharp man.

—Cavalry Colonel—"You saw the Indians, you say?" Colored Boy—"Yes, Boss." Cavalry Colonel—"Hostile, were they?" Colored Boy—"No, Boss, dey was on foot."

—Professor in Physics—"Now, Mr. A., what was the first phenomenon noted in connection with the force of gravity?" (Mr. A. hesitates and a Biblical student prompts him): "Adam fell."

—Jumping as a means of earning a living appears to be increasing. Some jump from balloons, others from bridges, but the most successful are the fellows who jump their board bills.—*Hotel Gazette*.

—First Old Party (on hotel piazza)—"What has that young man got that big sash around his wrist for?" Second Old Party—"Dunno, unless he has got a pane in his stomach."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

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SALVATION OIL
TRADE MARK
KILLS ALL PAIN 25c A BOTTLE
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup enough for 25c.